

Is **m**enus* shore. There by the
 castle side
 I see her place, the Tomb of the
 Lightning's Bride,
 The wreck of smouldering
 chambers, and the great
 Faint wreaths of fire undying—as
 the hate
 Dies not, that Hera held for
 Semele¹.

Ave, Cadmus hath done well; in
 purity
 He keeps this place apart,
 inviolate.
 His daughter's sanctuary ; and I
 have set
 My **g**reen and clustered vines to
 robe it round.

Far now behind me lies the
 golden ground
 Of Lydian and of Phrygian ; far
 away
 The wide hot plains where
 Persian sunbeams play,
 The Bactrian war-holds, and the
 storm-oppressed
 Clime of the Mede, and Araby the
 Blest,
 And Asia all, that by the salt sea
 lies
 In proud embattled cities, motley-
 wise
 Of Hellene and Barbarian
 interwrought.
 And now I come to Hellas—
 having taught
 All the world else my dances and
 my rite
 Of mysteries, to show me in
 men's sight
 Manifest God.

And first of Hellene
 lands
 I cry this Thebes to waken ; set
 her hands
 To clasp my wand, mine ivied
 javelin.
 And round her shoulders hang my
 wild fawn-skin.
 For they have scorned me whom it
 least beseemed.
 Semele's sisters: mocked my
 birth, nor deemed
 That Dionysus sprang from Dian
 seed.
 My mother sinned, said they; and
 in her need,
 With Cadmus plotting, cloaked
 her human shame
 With the dread name of Zeus; for
 that the flame

From heaven consumed her,
seeing she lied to God.
Thus must they vaunt; and
therefore hath nay rod